

LANCASTER GAZETTE.

"PLACE NONE BUT AMERICANS ON GUARD."—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 2 NO. 47

LANCASTER, OHIO, THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 29, 1855

ESTABLISHED IN 1826

The Lancaster Gazette.

CITY OF LANCASTER:

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

TOM S. SLAUGHTER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE—Old Public Building—South-east corner of the Public Square.

TERMS—One year in advance, \$2.00; at the expiration of the year, \$2.50; Clubs of ten, \$15.00; Clubs of twenty, \$25.00.

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Thursday Morning March 29, 1855

RESERVANCE.

A swallow in the spring

Came to our garnish, and 'neath the eaves

Kept to make a nest, and there it lay

With earth, and straw, and leaves.

Day after day she toiled

With patient art, but ere her work was done

Some one snatched the tiny fabric from her

And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought

But not down, forth from the place she flew

And with her nest fresh earth and grasses brought,

And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed

The last soft feather on its ample floor

When wicked hand, or chance, again laid waste

And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept

And toiled again, and last night hearing calls

I looked, and lo! the tiny swallows nest

Within the earth-made walls.

What a truth is there, O man!

How hope be built in its early days

Have clouds o'ercrest thy purpose, trust, or plan

Have faith, and struggle on.

From Putnam's Monthly.

OUR GIVEN NAMES.

'Who gave you this name?'

'My sponsors in baptism.'

Then these sponsors have much to answer

In this matter of naming, to say nothing

Of the obligations that they take upon themselves.

The name of a person is a sound that suggests

The idea of him. It is indissolubly united

With every notion of him; the name and the man

Are more closely bound than man and wife for

Even after death we associate them together. How

Important then is it that no one should suffer for

His name, that no unpleasant, ridiculous, or

Infamous associations should be connected with

It, but rather that it should be honorable and

Honored.

It is true that the fair Juliet, in a passage

Often quoted and often misquoted, asks

'What's in a name? that which we call a rose,

By any other name would smell as sweet.'

Very true; but we do not do to names for

Smells, any more than to colors for music.

And in the instance that she gives, what a

Loss it would have been to the world, if the

Word 'rose' had not existed as the title of

The queen of flowers; but instead of it such

A common unmeaning word as turnip or

Squash had been selected by the founders of

The English tongue! What could poets have

Done without such a word? Where would they

that there is a boy now living in Philadelphia who has been christened—if we thus use the word—after Commodus, one of the most infamous of the Roman Emperors.

The late Bishop Chase, of Illinois, had a dislike to having Greek and Roman names imposed upon children which he displayed very pointedly on one occasion when a child was brought to him to be baptized.

'Name this child,' said the Bishop.

'Marcus Tullius Cicero,' answered the father.

'What?'

'Marcus Tullius Cicero.'

'Tut! tut! with your heathen nonsense!—Peter, I baptize thee,' and the child was Peter henceforth and forever.

Others, again, set much store on Scripture names, many of which to our ears are anything but melodious, for instance, Obadiah, Jeremiah; and all the other isms; but this fashion is not so prevalent as it was a century or two ago. Some of the Bible names have much sweetness, such as Beulah, Ruhamah, and Rhoda, but even these are rarely used.

The story is well known of the man who, having called four sons after Mathew, Mark, Luke and John, wishing to have the fifth christened Acts, because, as he said, he 'wanted to compliment the Apostles a bit'; but the sequel, as given by Mr. Lower, in the last edition of his valuable work, on 'English Surnames,' is not so familiar to us. It appears that the father had two sons, who were christened Richard and Thomas; and that the story of the name that had been proposed for No. 5, getting wind among his acquaintance, he was constantly annoyed by having this distich repeated, of better metre than rhyme—

'Mathew, Mark, Luke and John,
Acts of Postles, Dick and Tom.'

'Some person appears to have tried how near they could come to the height of absurdity, in giving names to their children. Benjamin Stokely the first white settler in Mercer county, Pennsylvania (whose account thereof is in the fourth volume of the Memoirs of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania,) gave most extraordinary names to all his children; at present, but one of them occurs to our mind—Aurora Borealis—by which he thought proper to designate one of his daughters. A Mr. Stokely, a distant relative of Dr. Franklin, numbered his children, calling them One Stokely, Two Stokely, &c. We might mention here the case of Mr. New, who, it is said, called his first child Something, and the next Nothing; but the story is probably the creation of the fertile imagination of Mr. Joseph Miller, or some of his successors.

We will venture to add a few rules which are the results of our reflections upon this subject.

1. The son should not be called after his father, nor the daughter after her mother.

The object of giving first names is to distinguish a person from all others bearing the same last name, particularly from those of his immediate family; but this latter is not attained when a child bears the name of his parent. Confusion must always follow, not always to be avoided by the additions of senior and junior, or the designations 1st, 2d, &c., which are common in New England.

An eminent lawyer, who adorned the Philadelphia bar, 40 or 50 years ago, had a son with the same first name as himself, who was studying law in his office. One day a letter arrived without any address of junior, but intended for the younger which the elder gentleman opened and read. It was from a source not very creditable for any one.

'I am ashamed of you,' said the father indignantly, handing it to his son.

'I am ashamed of you, sir,' replied the son, handing it back, with his finger pointed at the direction.

One of the sons of the Benjamin Stokely, of whom we have spoken above, was born during his father's absence from home. On his return, his wife told him that she had called the child Benjamin, after him.

'None of that,' cried he. 'I have no notion of hearing people talk of old Ben Stokely.'

This confusion is one objection to the practice which we condemn; another is that if a parent calls a child after himself, he is in danger of becoming partial to that child, at the expense of the others. This is a feeling which makes its way into the minds of even good men and women; it seems to some that a child bearing their name in full, is more fully their representative than others. As this is all wrong, it is best to prevent the arising of such feelings, by giving no occasion for their existence.

deceased) whose friends had selected Calob for his first name. He was constantly annoyed with inquiries from school boys, and others of the rising generation, as to the residence of Mr. Calobash.

Forty or fifty years ago a very worthy little French tailor, named Frogg, resided in Charleston S. C., and on the birth of one of his sons some wags persuaded him that it would be a very good thing for the child to call him for the chief magistrate of the State—Gov. Bull, which was done accordingly, the unlucky combination of the two names never striking the father until it was too late.

4. Females should have but one given name, and when they marry, should retain their maiden name as a middle name. This is the practice among the Society of Friends and were it generally adopted it would have many advantages. We should know at once, on seeing a lady's name, whether she was married or single, and if the former, what the name of her family was. It is further to be considered that the adoption of this rule of but a single first name for girls would put an end forever to the whole brood of Emma Melvinda and Euphemia Helen Lauras, and a style of nomenclature which is thought by most persons to be ridiculous in the extreme.

Have many of our readers seen the pretty verses on the raising of a child, written by Mary, the unhappy sister of Charles Lamb? We shall presume they have not, and without apology conclude this essay with them:

Choosing a Name.

'I have got a new-born sister;
I was nigh the first that kissed her.
When the nursing woman brought her
To papa, his infant daughter,
How papa's dear eyes did glisten—
She will soon be to christen;
And papa has made the offer,
I shall have the naming of her.'

'Now I wonder what would please her,
Charlotte, Julia, or Louisa?
Ann and Mary, they're too common;
Joan's too formal for a woman;
Jane's a prettier name besides;
But we had one Jane that died.
They would say, if 'twere Rebecca,
That she was a little Queaker.
Edith's pretty, but that looks
Better in an English book;
Edith's left off long ago;
Blanch is out of fashion now.
None that I have named as yet
Are half so good as Margaret.
Edith is sweet and fine—
What do you think of Caroline?
How I am puzzled and perplexed
What to choose or think of next!
I am in a little fever.
Lest the name I should give her
Should decrease her or define her,
I will leave papa to name her.'

The Bible.
How humbles it that this volume, composed by humble men in a rude age, when art and science were but in their childhood, has exerted more influence on the human mind and on the social system, than all other books put together? Whence comes it that this book has achieved such marvelous changes in the opinions of mankind; has banished idol worship—has abolished infidelity—has put down polygamy and divorce—exalted the condition of woman—raised the standard of public morality—created for families that blessed thing, a christian home—and caused its other triumph by causing benevolent institutions (open and expensive,) to spring up as with the wand of enchantment? What sort of a book is this, that even the wind and waves of human passion obey it? What other engine of social improvement has operated so long, and yet lost none of its virtue? Since it appeared, many boasted families of amelioration have been tried and failed; many codes of jurisprudence have arisen, and run their course and expired. Empire after empire has been launched on the tide of time, and gone down, leaving no trace on the waters. But this book is still going about doing good—leaving society with its holy principles—cheering the sorrowful with its consolation—strengthening the tempted—encouraging the penitent—calming the troubled spirit, smoothing the pillow of death. Can such a book be the offspring of human genius? Does not the vastness of its effects demonstrate the excellency of the power to be of God?—Dr. McCulloch.

A JUDICIOUS INVESTMENT.—I send you here with a bill of ten lous d'ors. I do not pretend to give much; I only lend it to you. When you return to your country, you cannot fail of getting into business, that will in time enable you to pay all your debts. In that case, when you meet another honest man in similar distress, you will pay me by lending this money to him, enforcing him to discharge the debt by a like operation when he shall be able, and shall meet with such an opportunity. I hope it may pass through many hands before it meets a knave in its progress.—This is a trick of mine to do a great deal of good with little money. I am not rich enough to afford much in good works, and am obliged to be cunning, and make the best out of a little.—Benjamin Franklin.

How it works.—As those who eat the most are not always the fattest, so those who read the most have not always the most knowledge; they sink under a multitude of ideas, and resemble the ancient Gauls, who being too heavily armed, became useless in battle.

The greatest and the most amiable privilege the rich enjoy over the poor is that which they exercise the least—the privilege of making them happy.

LOOKING FOR A PLACE.

'Well, Johnny, have you succeeded today my son?'

'Nothing good to-day, mother. I have been all over town almost, and no one would take me. The book-stores, and dry-goods' stores and groceries have plenty of boys already; but I think, if you had been with me, I should have stood a better chance. Oh, you look so thin and pale, mother, somebody would have felt sorry, and so have taken me; but nobody knew me and nobody saw you.'

A tear stole down the cheek of the little boy as he spoke, for he was almost discouraged; and when his mother saw the tear, not a few ran down hers also.

It was a cold, bleak night, and Johnny had been out all day looking for 'a place.' He had persevered, although constantly refused, until it was quite dark, and then gave up, thinking that his mother must be tired waiting for him.

His mother was a widow, and a very poor one. She had maintained herself by needle-work till a severe attack of sickness had confined her to her bed, and she was unable to do more.

She told her little son to sit down by the fire, while she prepared his supper. The fire and the supper were very scanty, but Johnny knew they were the best she could provide, and he felt that he would rather share such a fire and such a supper with such a mother, than sit at the best table with anybody else, who did not love him as she did, and whom he did not love as he did her.

After a few moments of silence, the boy, looking up into his mother's face with more than usual seriousness, said:—
'Mother, do you think it would be wrong to ask my new Sabbath-school teacher about it on a Sabbath?'

'No, my son, not if you have no other opportunity; and I think he would be a very suitable person, too; at least I think that he would be interested in getting you a good place.'

After reading a portion of God's holy word, the mother and her little boy knelt down together in their loneliness, and prayed the Lord most earnestly to take care of them. They were very poor, but they knew that God cared for the poor.—They knew also that God would do what was best for them. Oh, it is a sweet thing to the soul, to be able to say, sincerely, 'Thy will be done!'

'I feel happier now,' said John. 'I was so tired when I came in, that I felt quite cross, I know I did; did I look so, mother?'

The mother's heart was full, and she gave her boy one long, affectionate kiss, which was sweeter to him than many words.

Next morning was the Sabbath. John's breakfast was rather scanty, but he said not a word about that, for he saw that his mother ate very little. But one or two sticks of wood were left outside the door where it was kept, and he knew that both food and fire might be all gone before night.—They had had no money to buy any with for several days.

The Sabbath-school bell rang. The sun was shining bright and clear, but the air was exceedingly cold. The child had no overcoat, and was still wearing a part of his summer clothing. He was in his seat just as his superintendent and his teacher entered.

'Who is that little pale-faced boy in your class?' asked the superintendent of Johnny's teacher.

'His name is Jones; he lives in Stone street, and I must visit him this very week. He is a well-behaved boy.'

'I should like to know more about him, and I will see him after school.'

The superintendent did not forget him, and when the class broke up, seeing him linger behind the other scholars, went up and took him by the hand kindly.

'You have been here to school several Sabbaths, have you not, my boy?'

'Yes, sir, I came just a month ago to-day.'

'Had you ever been to school before that time?'

'Yes, sir, before mother was sick I used to go to—street school; but that was a great way off; and when mother got better, and you opened this new school, she advised me to come here, as it is so much nearer.'

'Well, did I not see you yesterday looking for a place in Water street?'

'I was down there, sir, looking for a place.'

AN AMERICAN HERO'S DEATH.

THE FALL OF ALAMO.

The following is a graphic sketch of the last moments of the brave Colonel Crockett, who, it will be recollected, fell at the memorable siege of Fort Alamo, during the Texan struggle for Independence.

Colonel Crockett, wounded and closely pursued by a number of the enemy, retreated into the church, falling there as they approached. He stationed himself in a niche, in a corner, determined to face the foe to the last and sell his life dearly with his rifle and a superabundance of side arms, he bowed and shot them down with the same awful certainty that was wont to characterize his indomitable spirit. His position rendered access to him utterly impossible, except by a direct and close approach in front; after some eight or ten of them were laid before him, a feeling of awe seemed to seize hold of the assailants. One of them who could speak a little broken English, probably preferring to have the signal honor of capturing so noble a specimen of American valor to present to his 'dear master,' said to Crockett, 'surrender, senior.' A flash of the most sovereign scourge darted from the fiery eye, and as it pierced that of the enemy, he seemed to be transfixed. In a voice of thunder Crockett answered, 'Surrender! Not I am an American,' and as he spoke he sent a ball through the heart of his paralyzed foe. He appeared for a moment like a wounded tiger, strengthened and buoyed by each additional wound; now heaving them down with his well-tried sword—next dealing death with his fire-arms. His person was literally drenched with his own blood, his strength must soon yield to its loss. Yet such physical power wrought to the highest degree of excitement can perform almost incredible prodigies.

This was the last concentrated energy of a powerful man, aroused, animated, and guided by one of the noblest attributes of man—love of liberty. He knew well that his life was about to be sacrificed, that devastation and butchery would follow the footsteps of his heroism; but he felt the holy inspirations of a dying patriot, he fought manfully till the loss of blood and approach of death stayed his upraised arm; his rifle was broken in pieces, his pistols fell to the floor and nothing but his faithful sword was left. In the agony of death, with a terrible grasp, he brought this last weapon upon the head of the nearest assailant, and fell victoriously across his body into the arms of death. In this corner of the church were twenty-six dead Mexicans, and no other American having fought or fallen at this point, it is considered beyond all reasonable doubt, that all of them fell by the hand of the favorite son! All were now dead, not a man left to relate the wonderful deeds of this illustrious band of heroes? Not a companion left to rear a monument to their memory! But, all no monument is required to perpetuate their fame. So long as freedom has an abiding place in America will their heroic deeds and proud names be held sacred!

Light Sappers.

One great secret of health, is a light supper, and yet it is a great self-denial, when one is hungry and tired at the close of the day, to eat little or nothing. Let such a one take leisurely a single cup of tea and a piece of cold bread, with butter, and he will leave the table as pleased with himself and all the world, as if he had eaten a heavy meal, and be ten fold the better for it the next morning. Take any two men under similar circumstances, strong, hard working men, of twenty-five years; let one take his bread and butter with a cup of tea, and the other a hearty meal of meat, bread, and potatoes, and the ordinary of ceteras, as the last meal of the day, and the tea-drinker will outlive the other by thirty years.—Journal of Health.

There is a very pretty Persian apologue on the difference between mental and corporal sufferings. A king and his minister were discussing the subject, and differed in opinion. The minister maintained the first to be the most severe, &c. to convince his sovereign of it, he took a lamb, broke its leg, stuck it up and put food before it. He took another, shut it up with a tiger which was bound with a strong chain, so that the beast could spring near but not seize the lamb, and also put food before it. In the morning he carried the king to see the effect of the experiment.—The lamb with the broken leg had eaten all the food placed before him—the other was found dead from fright.

If I study any science it is that which treats of the knowledge of myself and instructs me how to live and die well.

Rules for the Year.

The following rules are intended, mainly, for the guidance of young men and women:

Get married—if you can—but look before you leap. Love matches are romantic—nice things to read about—but they have brimstone in them, now and then, as says the Marvel, Esq.

Go to church regularly if possible, and under any circumstances at least once a week.

Circulate no scandal.

Never notice the clothing of persons attending divine worship, nor stand in front of the house of God after the services.

Never ask another man what his business is—where he is going—where he came from—when he left—when he intends to go back, or the number of his dollars. You may inquire as to the state of his health, and that of his parents, sisters and brothers—but venture no farther.

Defend the innocent, help the poor, and cultivate a spirit of friendship among your acquaintances.

Never speak disparagingly of women, and endeavor to conquer all your prejudices.

Believe all persons to be sincere in the religion they profess.

Be economical, but not parsimonious nor niggardly. Make good use of your dollars, but not idols. Live within your means and never borrow money in anticipation of your salary.

Alexander Dumas.

This celebrity is thus described by a correspondent of the N. O. Picayune, writing from Paris, February 1st:

I had not seen Dumas before for years, and I was surprised to observe the ravages time had made since then. Age begins to show itself; and he looks more mulatto-like than I ever saw him. He is a tall man, being not less than six feet in height, rather disposed to be fat, especially about the face, whose hanging cheeks, and double chin, attest sound slumbers and good dinners. He is the very reverse of the picture of an intellectual man. If you were to see him in camp, or in Canal street, you would sit him down as a mulatto barber. His hair, now sprinkled here and there with grey, has that abundance, and length, and slightly wavy curl, so common among light mulatto barbers. His forehead—O, phenomenologists!—is less high than your little finger is thick; he may be said to have no forehead. His lips are thick and sensual, and now deep lines are ploughed on both sides of his nose. In the street he does not look so dark as he seems to be in the house, and his hair concealing the want of a forehead, gives his face more mild than it appears to have when not screened. He was dressed in pepper and salt pantaloons and paleot; the paleot was trimmed with green silk, stitched!

Three years' Labor on the Bible.

The following calculation of the number of books, verses, words, letters, &c., contained in the Old New Testament, is said to have cost the calculator three years' labor.

Old Testament.—No. of Books, 23; Chapters, 223; Verses 32,214; Words, 592,439; Letters, 2,728,100.

The middle Book is Job xxix. The middle verse would be 2d Chronicles, x: 17 if there were a verse more, and verse 18 if there were a verse less.

The word ADONAI occurs 36,543 times. The word JEHOWAH occurs 6,655 times. The shortest Verse is 4 Chronicles, ii: 25.

The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Isaiah contains all the alphabet.

The 13th of the 2d Kings and the 7th Chapter of Isaiah, are alike.

New Testament.—The No. of Books, 47; Chapters, 260; Verses, 7,050; Words, 181,265; Letters, 928,689.

The middle Book is 2d Thessalonians. The middle Chapter is Romans 13, if there were a chapter less, and 14 if there were a chapter more.

The middle Verse is John x: 35. The Old and New Testament.—No. of Books, 66; Chapters, 1,169; Verses, 31,178; Words, 773,697; Letters, 3,666,480.

The middle Chapter, and least in the Bible, is Psalm cxvii.

The middle Verse is Psalm cxviii: 8.

WOMAN'S NATURE.—I should not say, from my experience of my own sex, that a woman's nature is flexible and impressible, though her feelings are. I know very few instances of a very inferior man ruling the mind of a superior woman, whereas I know twenty fifty of a very inferior woman ruling a superior man. If he love her, the chances are that she will in the end weaken and demoralize him. If a superior woman marry a vulgar or inferior man, he makes her miserable, but seldom governs her mind, or vulgarizes her nature; and if there be love on his side, the chances are that in the end she will elevate and refine him.

Books may furnish us with ideas; experience may improve our judgment; but it is an acquaintance with accomplished females alone, which can bestow that facility of address and snarliness of manner which distinguishes the gentleman from the scholar or man of business.

As advice always gives an appearance of superiority it can never be very grateful except upon subsequent reflection, even where it is most necessary and judicious.